

COMIC MONTHLY

J. C. HANEY,
108 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

12 CENTS PER YEAR.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1861.

VOL. II.—NO. 8.



Miss Laura Keene, in the Seven Sisters.



Philanthropic Western Farmer who mesmerises his Pigs before killing them.



A Popular Lady—She Carries all Before her.

BONBONS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.—SHAKESPEARE.
I.—CECILIA.

A Rondo, and Game, from the French.

This lively game has a sort of family likeness to "Blind man's Buff," but it, we take it, an improvement upon that rather ludicrous amusement. The players dance in a circle round one of their number, who is properly blindfolded, and holds in her hand a wand, while they sing the first of the following verses. They pause; then the blindfolded player points her wand to one of the circle, who is constrained to take hold of the end of it, and to repeat after her, "Good day, Cecilia!" in a sort of chant; "yes, yes, Cecilia!" If the blindfolded player recognizes her voice and names her correctly, she, in her turn, assumes the wand and bannage, and the game recommences. If the blindfolded player is unsuccessful she has to try her skill again, and another verse of the song is sung.

CECILIA.

My parents had no child but me;
And as, ah! they could not agree,
They sent me across the salt, salt sea;
And so they served Cecilia.
And as I sail'd across the sea,
The wild, the roaring monster see,
The captain held he said to me,
It's you, it's you, Cecilia!
Good day! Good day!
It's you, it's you, Cecilia!

My parents had no child but me,
And as, ah! they could not agree,
I was soon despatch'd o'er the briny sea—
Even so they served Cecilia!
And as I sail'd across the sea—
The wild, the nothing, foaming sea—
The captain cried—he frowned at me,
With a "Good day, Cecilia!"
Yes, yes, Cecilia!

Lead roared the wind, wild was the sea;
Yet the captain cried would frown at me—
Have you any siller for my fee?
Have you—have you—Cecilia?
I looked at him, he looked at me;
"O, captain, I've but lawless three,
Which I will render up to thee!"
So signed—he signed—Cecilia!
Yes—yes, Cecilia!

But the captain smiled and whispered me—
I never will take thy lawless three;
But thou shalt sing a mangle,
So sing—so sing—Cecilia!
Then I sang again, with a heart of glee—
"There is one luck for you or me,
If we have only lawless three!"
So sang—so sang—Cecilia!

II.—LA BELLE MARGUERITE.

A Game from the French.

A young girl (MARGUERITE) kneels, surrounded by her companions, who hold a scarf or shawl above her head, so as to represent a tower; or some laurel boughs may be woven together for that purpose. A gentleman is chosen to personate the Frank Cavalier, who advances, singing

the first verse of the following rondo. The Chorus reply "He sings again, and they alternate the verses until he sings "I'll hear away a hough," when he leads off one of the group. This is repeated until only one player is left besides MARGUERITE. The CAVALIER then inquires "What have you there, sweet girl?" She replies, "A hough of leadiness," which he threatens to overthrow. Immediately MARGUERITE and her companion rise, and run off to their companions, pursued by the CAVALIER, who, if he catches either before she gains the circle, is entitled to a kiss; but if they escape him, all join hands, and dance merrily round, renewing the game at pleasure. Note.—The CAVALIER, if unsuccessful, pays a forfeit.

LA BELLE MARGUERITE.

Where is fair Marguerite?
I know, I know she lurketh here.
O bring me to her foot,
O bring me to her foot,
O bring me to her foot,
The bold, the bold French Cavalier

Chorus.

She sits within her bower,
The moonlight falling near;
She sits within her bower,
The moonlight falling near;
It is not yet the hour,
It is not yet the hour,
It is not yet the hour.

It is not yet the hour,
O brave Frank cavalier!
It is not yet the hour,
O brave Frank cavalier!

Solo. O bring me, bring me to her feet,
To her feet.
Chorus. It is not yet the hour,
It is not yet the hour,
It is not yet the hour,
It is not yet the hour, not yet the hour!

Solo: CAVALIER.

What hast thou there, fair girl?
Is it mine own, my secret?
I know that golden curl—
"Tis La belle Marguerite!

MARGUERITE'S COMPANIONS.
A hough of leadiness
Is all thou seest here;
Touch not one woodbine-leaf,
O daring Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER.

I'll gather every flower,
I'll hear each leaf away,
Thou Marguerite's secret bower
Shall know the light of day.

(MARGUERITE and her companions rise and run off, pursued by the CAVALIER.)

Chorus (of the CAVALIER is unsuccessful.)

"Tis not within thy power
To gain the lady's seat;
Thou must not scale the bower
Of La belle Marguerite!

Or (if the CAVALIER is successful.)

It is within his power,
He kneeleth at her feet;
And his and hers the bower,
Ah, La belle Marguerite!

Solo: CAVALIER.
Where is fair Marguerite?
I know she hides near;
O bring me to her feet,
Her own, her Cavalier!

Chorus.
She dreams within her bower,
The moonlight falling clear—
It is not yet the hour,
O brave Frank Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER.
I'll gain her calm retreat,
My vows she'll steep in—
When kneeleth at her feet
Her fond Frank Cavalier.

Chorus.
Tis not within thy power
To climb her seat near;
Thou canst not gain her bower,
O rash Frank Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER (leading off one of the group.)

I'll hear away a hough,
Until the path is clear—
Soon shall she list the vow
Of her Frank Cavalier!

[Repeat Chorus.]

Solo: CAVALIER.
I'll take another hough,
Until the path is clear—
O, Marguerite, listen now
To thy fond Cavalier!

[Repeat Chorus.]

III.—THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

A Rondo, and Game, from the French.

This, to our fancy, is a very agreeable pastime, and bears some slight resemblance to an old game once popular among boys, "Dumb Millions." To render it effective the leader ought to be a good mimic, with a quick appreciation of the ludicrous. The performers form a circle, with their leader in the center, and dance round him singing the first four lines of each verse. Then they pause, and, while singing the last lines, imitate their leader, who dramatically represents the person alluded to. Again they join hands and dance round, singing. The game can be continued until the leaders' powers of invention are completely exhausted.

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
Sung has a merry sound,
And kids and lasses, youth and age,
Trip blithely round—
Come first the swell—ha, ho,
And twirl his whiskers—so!

(See Page 6)



It's a nice thing to have an affectionate child to welcome you when you come home from an evening, is it not?



Terrific Consequence of a Fit of Industry.

"Mr. Bluffs having presented his wife with a sewing machine, comes home at night, to find a mountain of new collars. The only way in which he can hope to wear them all, is depicted in the funny picture on the wall."

Smoking a Cigar in Boston.

Fred Ross is a living illustration of the value of good manners. By mere politeness and tact he makes his way easily through all kinds of difficulties, when men of ten times his abilities would be at fault. In proof of this, we have heard the following anecdotes told by his friend George T——.

Fred, in his travels, some time ago, stopped at the Tremont House, in Boston, where T—— called upon him one evening, and the two started out on a stroll. As they left the hotel Fred took out his cigar case.

"You can't smoke here, Fred," said George, "it's contrary to law to smoke in the streets of Boston. The policemen are wide awake, you'll find."

"I'll bet you a hat I smoke this cigar out before I leave this street," said Fred to reply.

"Done," answered George, and the kept on stately down the street. Fred smoked with conspicuous energy.

"Hallo, there, you sir," said a civic guardian, with a voice like the growl of a bulldog. "Just put up with that cigar, will you? You mean't smoke in these here streets."

Fred—"Not smoke, my friend! [puff, puff, puff] Why not?"

Policeman—"[does so].—Cos it's ag'in the laws of the corporation. That's why."

Fred—"[blantly]—In the day time, you mean, perhaps, sir? [puff, puff] I can't do any harm at night, you know."

[puff, puff]

Policeman—"Daytime or night, it's all the same. 'Taint allowed at all. So if you just please—"

Fred—"Certainly." [puff, puff] A fellow who has any sense [puff, puff] will never go against the law, [puff, puff]

particularly in a respectable city like Boston, [puff, puff]. But I suppose I'll go back to the Tremont House, I can finish my cigar there. [puff, puff, puff]

Policeman—"Oh, yes! There ain't no law ag'in smokin' in a hotel."

Fred—"I say, [puff, puff] you couldn't come in with us and take something? [This was before the Maine Law.] I want to get some information about your fine, old city from so intelligent man like yourself. [puff, puff] Never was so much taken with a place in all my life. [puff, puff, puff]"

Policeman—"[much mollified].—Couldn't do it, sir; much obliged, but it's contrary to our rule."

Fred—"[embarrassedly].—Now that's what I like in you Boston officers, [puff, puff] You are respectable men [puff, puff]. There's no inducing you to neglect your duty. [puff, puff, puff]. You are all native Americans, I suppose!"

Policeman—"Wal, must on us is. There's a few Irish, but some say [mispronounced] they won't be in the force long."

Fred—"Solemnly!—I'll tell you what, my friend, [puff, puff] this foreign influence is the bane of our country, [puff, puff, puff]"

Policeman—"Just so, sir."

Fred—"What I dislike most in these foreigners, [puff, puff] is that they have no idea of respecting the laws of the country. [puff, puff] They prefer to obey the law, and all the time they will be breaking it right before your face. [puff, puff, puff]"

Policeman—"That's a fact, sir. But if you wouldn't mind not smoking now, sir, you'd oblige me."

Fred—"Why, bless my soul, [puff, puff] I've been smoking all this time! [puff, puff] See the force of habit, [puff, puff]. I say, [pronouncing his cigar case] won't you take one to smoke after you get home? [puff, puff] There can't be anything improper in that, you know, [puff, puff, puff]"

[puff]

Policeman—"Well, I guess there ain't. I don't care if I do take one."

Fred—"[shows George aly's stump of his cigar smoked to the lips.] Now see what it is for a time to have respectable officers. If a law, rough, domineering sort of a fellow had tried to stop me, I might have kept on smoking in spite of him, but when a man like you speaks to me, I do what's right, I won't say a word, [throws away the stump extemporaneously.]"

Policeman—"Thank you, sir. I wish all gentlemen was of the same way of acting, sir. Much obliged, sir. Good night, sir."

Fred—"Good-night, my friend. I say, George, that hat!"

Two days afterwards, Fred was promenading Broadway in a Washington street hat, which he had gained by the remarkable operation of smoking a cigar in a policeman's face in one of the streets of Boston.

OME time since an attorney brought a suit against a lawyer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old businessman, being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer.

"I did," was the reply.

"Pray," said the judge, "what is your opinion of the word?"

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow.

"Why, good man," said the judge, "there is no dissonance in the name, is there?"

"I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I do know. If any man called me a lawyer, I'd knock him down."

"Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I, too, are a lawyer."

"No, no," replied the fellow, "no, my lord, you are a lawyer, I know, but I'm sure you are no lawyer."

A WIFE'S STRATAGEM.—At a late ball in Paris, a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a ball entrance and a very tall, thin, and, instead, very inconveniently, at the close of a polka, that madame should return to the bosom of her family. "Never mind," she said to her partner, "ask me to dance in the next quadrille all the same—I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the acts were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room. There returning and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the ball could be found.

An Anti-Bilious Turkey.

Cuff was a gentleman's gentleman down in old Virginia, and a doer of most unclouded honesty and truth; but he would sometimes tell tough stories. He met "Kurrel Johnson's nigg," as he called him, the other day, and after eating and discussing various matters appertaining to their masters, they fell into the following conversation:—

See—Wal, Cuff, how you was?

Cuff—Oh, I've no use.

See—How is all de folks down at de house?

Cuff—Oh, dey is able to be round, 'cept do ole man's darter; she he do doctor de other. He came in, looked at her, an' say she was bilious, and gaw her a box of engine vegetable pills. When de doctor go, she up and tret de pills out de window. She wouldn't take no pills, an' say 'Wal, de ole turkey cook kum, an' greeky come, she gabbed down de pills box an' all, wid de whole drebberous in four different hangings. Next day we had company, an' had to kill dat turkey cook, ya see. Brought him on de table bilid wid exyster nose; natch flourish his knife, and try to cut him up—couldn't get de knife into him."

"Cuff," says he, "how long did yer bile dis turkey?"

"Bile him no longer, sah."

"Take him away an' bile him another boar."

So I took him away an' biled him another hour.

See—Did de company wait?

Cuff—Oh, yes, de company waited. Wal, I brought de turkey in, an' massa flourish his big knife ag'in an' try to cut him; but he couldn't do it, no sah!

"Take him away an' bile him another hour."

So I took him away into de kitchen ag'in."

See—Did de company wait?

[Cuff—Of course dey waited. I brought in de turkey ag'in, an' massa try to cut. But it was no go; massa git mad.]

"Take him away an' bile him a week!"

See—Did de company wait?

Cuff—Oh, yes, de company waited! Dey were bound to see de fun out, yer know. Wal, in a week I brought in de turkey. Massa thought he got him de time, sure. But he couldn't cut a hole in him—de old cock wouldn't be cut. Massa send for de doctor to hab de turkey examined. De doctor come, look at de turkey—look all over him. Says he—

"It's no use; you can't bile dis turkey, for he has taken de dose de engine vegetable pills, an' dere isn't any bile in him!"

ADMONISHING THE JURY.—A friend in Louisiana, of the legal persuasion, writes in this wise:—

A man who had never seen the inside of a court house and he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of our District Courts, sitting last fall, in the northern part of the State, being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury and began telling his story to the Judge.

Judge R——, in his bland and courteous manner, said:—

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a doctery gesture, but not comprehending what was more explicit, and said to him—

"Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness then turned around, and making an awkward bow, said, in great gravity of manner—

"Good-morning, gentlemen!"



Paying Toll No. 1

(For the information of the heightened city reader, if, as usual we have, we must explain that in the rural districts, the sterner sex, when "sleighting the day," are privileged to exact a kiss whenever crossing a bridge. This is called "paying toll.")

Miss Vandy:—What, another bridge? It seems there are a great many bridges in this country.

Mr. Johnson:—Yes, this is a beautiful country.

Paying Toll—No. 2

Miss Simpson:—(No longer young.) "Ah! Is not that a bridge? Be very careful how you drive, I'm very nervous going over bridges."

(Something in the distance has evidently attracted the gentleman's attention, as he does not seem to hear.)

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—Early habits of thought and expression are seldom totally eradicated. A young lady who had a favorite brother, a woman, left her native home in Little Compton, R. I. and, and resided for many years with a rich aunt in Boston, the said relative being a maiden lady of great delicacy and refinement, as maiden ladies are wont to be. Of course the niece was brought up as accomplished, and due regard was paid to refining her manners. In course of time she was engaged to be married, and, indeed, the most fashionable dressmaker in Boston, put to requisition. The bridal dress should have been finished the day before the wedding to allow ample time for alterations, if needed. It did not come at the time appointed. Noon arrived—no dress, evening—no dress—disappointment, nervous! and the morning of the wedding, one o'clock—no! Messengers were despatched to and fro. Little Compton was in despair. At last eleven o'clock from the "Old South," and the dress came home. Only a few minutes to spare: the bridesmaid, with trembling fingers, robot the blushing expectant. She walked before the suspicious mirror. "How does it look?" they asked. "Look!" said Little Compton, with tears in her eyes. "Why, that my sister's tail, if I have not cleaved up my fire-top sail so that a Dutch legger is a beauty beside me!"

NEW YANKEE TRICK.—A week or two ago, four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, in the State of Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode acquaintances all, taking upon everything except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing to put them over the road but a solitary cab, toward which they all rushed. These got in and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after and got upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to—that he was not worth more than fifty dollars, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take \$100 for him. "Yes," said he. The "fourth man" quickly paid over the money, and took the reins and backed the cab up to the bank, slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off, while the insider sat in the cab, and the driver, who was a lawyer, and got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the insiders came up, pulling and howling.

How the Cuck's Comb was Cut.—A young gentleman out West got himself into a singular fix, recently. He arrived here one fine evening, and put up at our principal tavern and while he was waiting for his room, he found himself, he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above, and he asked

him to go up with him, to be introduced to, and join, the revellers. This he declined, on the ground that he was not properly dressed for such an occasion, and especially that his linen was too much soiled. "Never mind that," said the big, burly landlord, "I can give you a shirt," and he stepped into the next room and brought forth a garment which would have been a large pattern for Daniel Lambert, and holding it up, said, "There, now, is a comfortable, money shirt for you." "Oh, that would never do," said the guest, "I should lose myself in it utterly!" On second thought the landlord could "do better" for him, some of the boys, and he would "get him one that would fit, anyhow." So he disappeared, and presently came in with a nice clean "sock" into which his guest soon thrust himself, and having made a hasty toilet, ascended to the ball room. Being a young man from a much larger place, and rather good looking what, he found no difficulty in obtaining "partners," and these happened to be a judicious selection from the most beautiful girls in the room. The other boys began at length to regard him with a little jealousy, and one of them went so far as to say that "he'd cut the comb of the corrected cock, if he didn't mind his eyes!" And at this while the subject of this belligerent remark was regarding himself with the utmost complacency, as being the "quartered of all characters." Meanwhile, there was the "root! too! too!" of a stage-horn sounding in the distance; presently the coach numbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail and the lines to an attendant hostler, and hastened into the bar-room, having no further one nor labor upon his hands until next day. He was also invited, by the land, which he at once accepted. Those were days when a stage driver was among the most "popular" men in every little community, for he had travelled, and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes; and nothing farther was seen or heard of him until he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat hoarse with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall. The music stopped, and the driver backed the ensuing silence with the question, "Is Mr. Samuel Jenkins of S— here?" "I am Mr. Samuel Jenkins," said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attraction was to be bestowed upon him. "Oh, you are Mr. Jenkins, are you?" "Yes; and what may your business be with me?" "Nothing, only when you get through with me, how of mine that you've got on your back, and are strutting in, I'd just think you to leave it at the bar!" A loud laugh followed this exposure. The "cock's comb" saw "cut," his feathers drooped, and modest much "cackling" he remitted from the "gay and festive scene."

NUTSHELL KERNEL.—Died Swift, getting ready for a ride on horseback, called for his boots. The servant brought them. "Why didn't you think them?" asked the Deaf. "Because you'll never get them splashed on the road, and I thought it wasn't worth while." A minute afterward the servant asked Swift for the key of the pantry. "What business?" said the master. "To get some bread." "Oh," said the Deaf, "as you will be hungry two hours hence, isn't it worth while?"

"PULVERIZED POTATOE."—One of our foppishly-got-up equisites, with small cane eye glass, &c., &c., registered his name at the Union House, a few days since, for dinner. His fastidiousness caused much perturbation to those who sat near him at the table, and he was pretty well observed by all. Matters reached a climax when the "galah" called to waiters, and slowly taking in her features by the aid of his pretty one-eyed spectacle, drawled out: "I say, waitaw, have you any more pulverized potatow?" "The poor dum-founded waiters modestly asked—'Any more what, sir?' "Pulverized potatow, my gal—pulverized potatow; and please be expeditious in placing it before me." It isn't likely the girl would have known that the gentlemen meant mashed potatoes, but he not pointed energetically to a dish of that vegetable, which was just being placed upon the table. The laughter, albeit but hearty in which his neighbors indulged, nearly deprived them of the benefit of what they were eating, and the story made a good joke for the day.



INCLE JOIN an agricultural laborer, is one of the rural districts, having somewhat declined, called in a medical man, who at once put him on low diet. After a few visits the doctor found him so much improved as to normal his taking something more substantial than a crust, and he accordingly ordered

the man's spouse to furnish her husband with a little animal food once or twice a day. The wife said nothing but no sooner had the doctor departed, than she bolted out of the house and shouted to a neighbor, "What do you think they've ordered for our John to eat now? 'Animal food!'" "And a very good thing, too," replied the neighbor. In a passion, the former exclaimed, "Why, you're just as bad as them! How is it likely our John can eat hay, and straw, and such like stuff? Besides, he ain't got any teef."

NUTSHELL KERNEL.—A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings, the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charlie, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."



Pleasant.

Just at a critical moment in your financial affairs, when all your tact has been called into requisition to keep matters straight, your partner, who is a man of weak nerves, unable to stand the anxiety of mind any longer, drops his sorrow in the dining hall, and comes to tell you how he has killed old Scroopy (your most importunate creditor) and discharged all the hands, and winds up by observing that things are cheered—thus up.



CHARLEY.—"I say Sis, I want to write to Clara, and don't know what to say to her."

SIS.—"Say you'll share of your mountaineer, if he'll have you, she can't resist you if you make that sacrifice."

CHARLEY.—"Ha! I daresay. Don't you think that's asking a little too much?"

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
Bells have a merry sound,
And long the feet of happy folk
Trip blithesomely around:
Mus Fanny next; ha, ho,
And sighs, and sumpers—so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
Horns have a hirdlike sound,
And still the peasants' loud the vines
Trip blithesomely around:
Comes Lavin next; ha, ho,
And reaps the harvest—so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
Drums have a martial sound,
And, lo! the banners and the spears
Move blithesomely around:
Now comes the soldier, ho,
"Attention!" "Ready!"—so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
We hear the mill-wheels sound,
And still the waters leap and dash,
And still the mill goes round:
The miller next; ha, ho,
Who grinds the barley—so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon
Lutes have a tender sound,
And, link'd by garland-chains of flowers,
The happy feet go round:
The lover comes; ha, ho,
To kiss his lady—so!

IV.—THE KING'S CHEVALIER.

A circle is formed and a player chosen to stand in the centre. Another remains outside the circle and personates the KING'S CHEVALIER. The dancers require of him, "Who passes by this way so late?" to which the CHEVALIER responds with the second verse, the circle still dancing round the player in the centre. The song, which is sung alternately by the Queen and the CHEVALIER, being finished, the dancers raise their arms, and the CHEVALIER enters and pursues the player in the middle, as in the old game of "Kiss in the Ring." When the fugitive is caught both who and her pursuer occupy the center of the circle while the last verse is sung. A different selection of players is then made, and the game recommences.

THE KING'S CH

Who passes by this way so late,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
The guards will close the castle gate
Upon the gallant train.

SOLO.

I am a herald from the king,

Comrades of the Majolaine!
His royal will I hither bring.
With a most gallant train.

CHORUS.

Who passes by this way so late,
Comrades of the Majolaine?
The guards will close the castle gate
Upon the gallant train!

SOLO.

I am a herald from the King,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
His Royal commands I hither bring
With a chivalric train!

CHORUS.

We are all ear, and fain would heed,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
What'er our Sovereign has decreed
With a chivalric train!

SOLO.

You have a maiden fair to see,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
Who shall his bride, his love-queen be,
And have a peerless train.

We have no maidens fair to see,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
And where should such beauties be,
And where their peerless train?

Nay, you have blossoms very fair,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
With curls of gold or raven hair,
To charm an ancient train.

When bells chime forth the midnight hour,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
Come, come, and pluck the fairest flower
In all our simple train!

The midnight chime an hour ago,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
From the wind waving to and fro,
To wake your simple train.

What dower shall be the maiden's share,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
If she will to your king repair,
And lead his knightly train?

Burn burning gems and tawny gold,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
And rubies in many a stolen fold
To charm her peerless train!

Nor gems, nor gold, nor silken dress,
Comrades of the Majolaine,
Can any treacherous maiden bless
Nor all her peerless train.

ESQUINA.—Add six to ten if you would know my First
the end of man my Second will disclose; my Whole of all
created things the worst, as many a husband to his sorrow
knows.

CHARADES.

BY THE LATE T. E. HERVEY.
No. 1.

IN my Second's pleasant shade,
Hew my First sweet music made!
Till there came my cruel Whole,
Stained the one, the other stole.
Ah! that First and Second e'er
Lent their names to such a snare!

Call my Second, call my First,
And you name my Whole accurst.
Ah! to each, what cruel spite
Pays for that hapless rite,
Ask the silencer, where it grieves
O'er a lost song 'mong the leaves.

From my Second summer rain
Soon shall wash away the stain,—
What is white shall yet be green
Where my traitor Whole has been,
But her heart my First shall pour
Through my Second never more.

Nevermore, when sunshine falls
Through my Second's leafy walls,
Shall the answering anthem burst,
'Mid that temple, from my First,
Ah, the song *thus* betrayed!
O'cast they fear my Whole, who played
In those sweet names of their own?
Yet, both are wronged,—and one is gone.

No. 2.

When but a boy, just newly nursed,
I stored my marbles in my First;
Grown to a man, when dull or sad,
My Second soothed and made me glad
My Whole, throughout all my living years,
Has been a horror to my ears.

No. 3.

Lies found beneath the ocean and the streams;
I am the home of flowers,—the nurse of dreams.

No. 4.

My Second has saddled the palfrey white,
Unsaddled the roadster brown,
And down on his boots by the stable door

(See Page 7)



INQUIRE—*What, Lady, you about that baby's cold? I will have to teach you the olden rule.*
 INQUIRY—*Wasn't that, Mr., is it something to mark sleepers with?*



Another of the Pleasures of Living in the Suburbs.

What you may expect from one of the inhabitants, while stopping down to the year shot.

For a ride to the distant town.
 But why is my lady's cheek so pale,
 And why my lady's tear
 As she sweeps through the lane with a loosened rein
 And my Second in the rear?

Ah, me! that the hand which clips the mane
 And trims the palfray's tail,
 Should join my First's in the clasp of love
 When they reach the altar rail!
 My Second's First had been fuller wood
 Near the milking-pail and bowl,
 And my First is spoiling her Second good
 By making him my Whole!

No. 5.

We read of the days when some drowsy old sinner
 Might come as a saint to be reckoned,
 By taking to berries and roots for his dinner,
 And quenching his thirst from my Second.
 Such a saint took it easy—was freely supplied
 With enough for both hunger and thirst;
 Though his table was furnished, it can't be denied,
 With a very bad style of my First.

Then we read how some traveler gourmand and gay,
 When his wife became loavesome or lost,
 Would put up for a night, and for once in a way,
 With a feeder like this for a host:—
 But he rarely, we find, took a permanent taste
 For such nurture of body and soul,—
 And we quite understand, when the cock crew, his
 lasto
 To help forward the hour of my Whole.

No. 6.

It swells, and dies! I lean to hear
 'Mid the glooms of an old cathedral aisle;
 And my Second speaks to heart and ear
 Like the voice of the ancient pile;
 As if coral quaint and rafter rare,
 In chancel stilled and in chantry fair,
 Had part in the choral hymn,—
 With the tramp of stone that the angels bear
 At the shrine of the stone knight kneeling there;
 While the carved saints seem all at prayer,
 As it flows through the cloister dim,
 The prophet voices of the grand old pile,
 That my Second pours down the long drawn aisle!

But isn't a prayer that my Whole awakes,
 When it moans and shrieks in the tortured air,
 Like a spirit choked by the sounds it makes,
 As I would to the Lord it were!
 Its vagabond friend is the puppet-show,
 All box above and legs below,
 And it swivels far and wide,
 With music bleated from the shrines of song,
 That reels and raves for the rabble throng,
 As though it were drunk with drawing log

From my First, in its own inside.
 How came such Whole, with its tipsy sides,
 By the stately name that my Second bears?

No. 7.

The lane was long, and the lady was short,
 And the hour was getting late,
 So, to make the way more like herself,
 She passed through the meadow gate.
 And the crooked way would have been the straight,
 "And why was there nobody by?"
 To tell her the glass was very low,
 And my Second very high!

She came where that Second "stopped the way,"
 And she strove to pass in vain,
 And she felt at once the mistake she had made,
 And a drop of the threatened rain;
 And she knew too late, when she took to the right!
 She had happened to take to the wrong,
 And the road by the meadows was only short
 To those who were rather long.

But the lady felt that an error, born,
 Need not be, therefore, nursed,
 And the wisest course she could follow now
 Would be, just to—do my First:
 That to do my First was her chance at last
 To get home ere the drizzling rain;
 And the way to make matters square, in short,
 Was, at length, to go round by the lane.

So she did my First; but I can't deny
 That the lady came home in a pet,
 And her look, I must own, was uncommonly dry,
 As she said, "I'm unaccountably wet!"
 And all through my Second. Had that been my
 Whole.

As, for ladies, my Second should be,
 It had done my First, and, from bonnet to sole
 Would have saved from this dreaching, poor me!"

No. 8.

My First you may know by the old brown coat
 Set off with a vest of red,
 In which he comes through the winter's snow,
 To beg at your door for bread.
 And never away from the door unfed
 Will the children let him go,
 Because of a pious deed he did
 To some children long ago.
 And so, when the children come abroad,
 And the summer eves are long,
 He pays back his debt, as a minister should,
 By filling their paths with song:
 And the singer, still, that the child loves best
 Is the old brown coat and the crimson vest.

A story lives in the fairy lore
 On which the child is fed,

Of a fair young maid whom love decked out
 In my Second, warm and red.
 But the little maiden's walk abroad
 Is a legend harsh to hear,
 And the moral wrapped in the scarlet cloak
 Is full of a cruel fear:
 And the child is chilled as he creeps to bed
 To dream of the maid with my Second, red.

'Tis ages long since last my Whole
 In the woodland ways was seen,
 With his bugle slung in his haldrick broad,
 And his coat of the Lincoln green.
 He roared like a lion for head or hand,
 He crocheted in the starlight clear,
 And his larder, wide as the forest glades,
 Was filled with the forest deer.
 His table was spread in the oak-tree shade,
 Wherever he cared to dine,
 And they netted his fish in the friar's pond,
 And his drink was the Abbots wine.
 The jolly churchman paid him tithes,
 And the burger paid him tax;
 For his levies were made by his merry men
 With their long bows at their backs.
 His law was fashioned to the hour,
 And published through the wood,
 That he took because he had the power,
 And kept because he could.
 His logic grew on his own good sword,
 And his strength on the yew-tree strong,
 And he did his wrong in the name of right,
 And some right by means of wrong;
 For an out-laid head and a gallant soul
 Met in the wild name of my whole.

No. 9.

Twere well the hands who strung their lyres in honor
 my First,
 And paint her always at her best, should know her at her
 worst;
 I don't believe this pet of twelve such a beauty would be
 reckoned
 If they could not see her off-usage face as she shows it to
 my second.

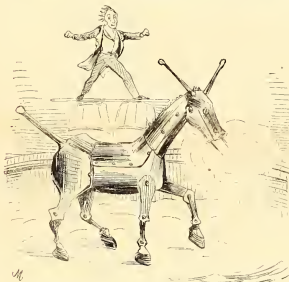
Eleven sisters has my First: not one of them so fair
 As she with the roses round her feet and the rainbows in
 her hair;
 But she suffers from a chronic cold by my Second's side 'tis
 said,
 And has always her feet in water, and a nightcap on her
 head:

The poets call her gentle, too; they've seen her when she
 smiled;
 But her temper can be sharp enough, and her manners far
 from mild.
 And there are who have seen her sulky in her home by my
 Second's side,
 Because he refused a gown of green and roses to his bride.

(See Page 10.)



Mr. Whippletoe explains to Mrs. W. shaver of his joys, and partner of his woes. In order to pave the way to that berth in the Custom House, it will be necessary to send something nice to long Aho at Christmas. Now, what shall it be?



And a donkey engine engaged to perform the severe labors.



Arrives at Springfield, is transferred to a wagon. The Lincoln mansion, "from the graphic pencil of Mr. Lincoln, Jr., can be seen in the left hand corner."



Can't think, and so resolves to sleep on it.



Hooray!—'tis done.



Mr. L., Mrs. L. and all the little L.'s look with amusement on the wonderful construction.

Plum Pudding.



In the silent watches of the night, it comes upon him. It must, it shall be a plum pudding of most magnificent dimensions.



Cooks are engaged to superintend the construction thereof.



But what next? Mrs. W. in the most unfeeling manner decides him and his pudding, imagining that it will prove too large to move.



But genius conquers all things, and Whipplenot gets his pudding on a car at last.



Mr. L. proceeds to carve it in a characteristic manner.



Takes a little of the pudding cold March 6th, 1861, just after being extremely sorry, that nothing could be done just now for Mr. Whipplenot.



Easier said than done.

Mr. PIPER.—*Tobacco! O, here's tobacco in this casket. Put your hand in; you'll find plenty at the bottom.*
 Mr. McFARLANE.—*Oh, yes it's all very easy to say but your hand in.*



Too Much of a Good Thing.

SWITHINGTON.—*Dearest, will you accept my heart and hand?*
 Miss JONES.—*Will, reply: that is to say—the truth is I'm afraid it's as much of a good thing.*

Yet he built her a home of crystal spars, and gave her robes of white
 And he crowded all the roof with stars to make her palace bright;
 He hung in her ears, huge diamond drops, and her coach was diamond too,
 But still my First, looked chill on him whatever my second could do.
 He had the Northern lights perform in honor of his guest,
 And he laid the very winds asleep, that they might not break her rest;
 He bled the seas from dancing, and the rivers in their flight
 But she never would pay him with a smile our poets call so light.

As for my Whole, I rather think if you followed with my First,
 And set it up to do her grace, in my second's clime secure,
 And tried our Christmas pastimes there, you'd find it might be reckoned
 Just about as easy to clime my Whole as to dime my tailor Second.

No. 10.

Pale, to-day, my lady lies,
 Very lops and wan,
 From the love deeps in her eyes
 All the light has gone—
 Lacking that wherewith it fed,
 On her cheek my First lies dead.

Why are my lady's lips so cold?
 And why is her brow so white?
 And where is the love whose speech of old
 In that dim eye was light?
 Suite back this shadow of the grave,
 And save, oh! Virgin Second, save.

Too late, dull lover! all too weak
 Thy spell that was so strong;
 Since died thy First on lip and cheek,
 Of the chill of waiting long.
 My Virgin Second came to aid,
 When out of the chill my lady layed.

She took my lady to her breast,
 And charmed the chill to sleeping;
 And she will not let thee break the rest,
 That true love won through weeping.
 But bring sweet stringings of my Whole,
 And though thy love's housefarth December
 Wear thou such stringings near thy soul,
 And, "pray you, love, remember!"

No. 11.

Kings, Lords and Commons to my First repair
 And beggars and and jolly harpious there,

Should foreign foes invade us there would he
 My Second ready to dispute the sea,
 Without my Whole it may truly said
 No honest woman ever yet did wed.

No. 12.

My First is made of iron, tough and bright;
 My second dimes it often in a night;
 Yet of my Whole you've eaten times and oft,
 And strange to say, have found it hard and soft.

To Tell the Number thought of by a person.

1. Desire a person to think of a number. Ask him to triple it; after which ask him to take one-half of this product. (If the whole he a fractional number ask him to consider the next whole number as the half), then desire him to triple this half, after which ask him how often 9 is contained in it without reference to the remainder. This number doubled and 1 added to the result will be the number thought of.

Suppose the number thought of to be 7, triple it is 21. Half of this is 10½; but the next whole number is 11, which is the one to be operated with; triple this is 33. In 33 there are 3 nines; 3 double is 6, which being added to 3, makes 9; the number thought of.

2. Another Method of Performing the Same.

Ask the person thinking of the number to multiply the number by itself, and to remember the product. Then ask him to add one to the number thought of, and then to multiply this number by itself. Now ask him to tell you the difference between the two products, and the half of this, rejecting the fraction, (if there be any) will be the number thought of.

Suppose 8 to be the number; multiplied by itself is 64 and 1 to 9, 10, which multiplied by itself is 100. The difference between 64 and 100 is 36; the half of 36 is 18. Rejecting the fraction, we have 9, the number thought of.

3. Another Method.

Desire the person to take 1 from the number thought of and to double the remainder; then bid him take one from this double and add it to the number thought of; ask the result of this addition, add 3 to it, and divide by 3; the quotient will be the number thought of.

4. Another Method.

Desire the person to multiply the number thought of by 3, then add one to the result, and again to multiply this last sum by 3, to add it to the number thought of, and to tell you the number. Subtract 3 and divide by 10, and the quotient will be the number thought of. For instance, 8 to be the number thought of, multiplied by 3 is 24, add 1, we have 25; Multiply again by 3, we have 75; add this to the number thought of, we have 83; subtract 3, and we have 80; divide by 10, we have 8, the number thought of.

5. A Very Ingenious Method of Performing the Same results

Prepare 5 slips of paper with the following numbers thereon; letter each column, and when you come to perform the apparently mysterious feat, remember with what number each column begins—A 1, B 2, C 4, D 8 E 16, F 32. This is all it is necessary to remember; but be careful you make no error in copying your figures, or you will certainly fail.

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	5	6	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	11	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	20	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	26	28	28	44
27	27	27	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	40	48
35	35	37	41	40	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	43	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	52	52	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	60	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

When you wish to perform the feat you hand these slips to the person, and desire him to select a number; when he has done so, ask him "is it on the slip marked A?" on the slip marked B? on the slip marked C? (till you have enquired about each one), then remembering the slips on which he said the number was to be found; you simply add together the first numbers on each of these slips and the sum will be the number thought of. This of course you can do without looking at the columns of figures, and it will appear very wonderful to any one not in the secret. Suppose the number to be 46; this number is only found in columns B, (2), C, (4), D, (8) and F, (32), add these together and you have 52, 6, 4, 2, 48—the number required.

Another good plan is to bid the person selecting the number to hand you back the slips which do not contain the number; add together the top figures of those, and subtract their sum from 63, the remainder will be the number required. Thus if the number thought of is 10, this is not to be found on 6, (2), subtract 2 from 61—61, number desired. Remember that the only number that appears on all the slips is 63.



cast Subject.

For Swains.—(and certainly) / Miss Blanche, when I see you thus employed
I wish I were a small pretty puppy myself, and then, perhaps, I too might be happy.



A Pleasant Family Party.

Shadow Play.

This can only be played well in the evenings in winter. It is a very quiet game, except in the laughter it causes, and it calls forth all the ingenuity of the players. The white curtain of the window being pulled down, is fastened to the bottom to keep it straight and even. Or a table cloth or sheet may be tacked against the wall of the apartment. The lamp or candles are removed to the opposite end, and the person chosen to act as blind man, sometimes called "Buffy" (who is not blindfolded), sits with his face to the curtain and his back to the company. Everything being prepared, the players pass between the light and the blind man, throwing their shadows upon the curtain, and

fun consists in the players disguising themselves in var-



Fig. 3. Of course this is Maria's form as we all know.

ious ways to deceive "Buffy." This may be done with imitative turbans, artificial beards, paper noses, spectacles, etc. The greatest quietness must be observed on the part of those whose shadows are exhibited, so that they may not be recognised by their voices; but a feigned voice may be used to assist any disguise that may be assumed.

A better plan of playing this game is to arrange a room which has folding doors, and make the figures disappear.

Jumping Through the ceiling.

Perhaps there is no game more mystifying than this, or one which if well managed, will cause more laughter. There must be two rooms, communicating by folding doors. The doors must be opened wide, and a sheet stretched across. All the lights must be removed from that in which the spectators are, and only one retained behind the sheet. (Indeed the spectators ought to be excluded entirely until all is ready.) In the apartment behind the sheet are then fixed two stools, one higher than the other, and as far back in a straight line from the sheet as possible; the highest stool farthest away from the sheet. The light is placed on the lower stool. The actor then takes his place near the sheet, behind it, and the spectators may be called in, to the front of the sheet, to behold the wonderful performance. The actor's shadow, when near the curtain will be of little more than life size. The actor's shadow, when near the curtain, will be of little more than life size. The actor's shadow, when near the curtain, will be of little more than life size. When the time comes to disappear through the ceiling, he steps quickly upon the low stool on which the candle is, over the light, on to the higher one; when his shadow will apparently go right through the ceiling above the sheet.

We give this month a few more amusing tricks in Legendenman, which will serve to render the long winter evenings merry—do entertain the little winter party, or bring in the laugh at Thanksgiving or Christmas. We advise our subscribers to preserve them for they will be useful every year, and will be a constant source of amusement.

Money Augmented by an optical illusion.

In a large drinking glass of a conical shape, [small at the bottom and wide at the top] put a glass, and let the glass be half full of water; then place a plate on top of it, and turn it quickly over so that the water may not escape. You will see in the plate a piece of coin the size of a 25 cent piece; and a little higher up, another size of a dime.

It will add to the amusement this experiment affords, by giving the glass to one of the company, (but who of course has not witnessed your operations) and desiring him to throw away the water, but save the glass; he will not be a little surprised at finding only one.

To Fill a glass with water that it cannot be removed without

Spilling the whole.

This is a mere trick; but may afford some amusement. You offer to let any person that you will so fill a glass with water that he shall not move it off the table without spilling the water's contents. You then fill the glass, and lay a piece of paper or thin card over the top; you dexterously turn the glass upside down on the table, and then drawing away the paper, you leave the water in the glass with its feet upturned. It will therefore be impossible to remove the glass from the table without spilling every drop.

Two figures, one of which blows out the light, the other relights it.

Make two figures, of any shape or materials you please; insert in the mouth of one a small tube, at the end of which is a piece of phosphorus, and in the mouth of the other a tube containing a few grains of gunpowder; taking care that each is retained in the tube by a piece of paper. If the second figure be applied to the flange of a taper, it will extinguish it; and the first will light it again.

The Glass of Wine under the hat.

Place a glass of wine upon a table, and having put a hat over it, offer to lay any of the company a wager that you will drink the wine without raising up the hat. When your wager is accepted, particularly request that no person will touch the hat; then get underneath the table, and commence sucking and smoking your lips as though you were yawning; the wine with considerable gusto. After a minute or two has elapsed, come from under the table, and say to the person who accepted your wager, "Now, sir!" His credulity will immediately induce him to raise up the hat, in order to ascertain if the wine be drunk. Immediately he does so take up the glass, and having swallowed its contents, say, "You have lost, sir. I have drunk the wine, without lifting up the hat." This trick generally excites much laughter against the simpliciton, who thus dupes himself.

THE FLAT SYSTEM.—Building operatives are all just now with Hamilton, the architect's new system dwelling-houses, according to what the Scotch people do now at all about it. We know plenty of people who manage already to live altogether upon flats.

Fig. 1. Charles's shadow, which blinks in immediately recognises.

he has to name them. If he succeeds, he is released, and the person he has named, becomes "Buffy." The great



Fig. 2. The same Charles disguised in a nightgown, green shade, hair brush for beard, and paper's old coat.



Pop goes the Weasel.

Mr. Weasel has evidently made a miscalculation in attacking a vulpine's egg.



A fearful nightmare to which Mr. Billington was subject after indulging freely in holiday exercises.

Should a Body Meet a Body.

If a fellow catch a fellow carrying off his wood, should a fellow woe a fellow if a fellow could?—*Germanston Express*.

If a body catch a fellow stealing his old 'rye,' should a body kick a body till a body cry?—*Gen. Express*.

If a body spy a body creeping round his lot, should a body treat a body to a load of shot?—*Northwick News*.

If a body catch a body stealing his Express, should a body seize a body and try to get redress?—*Petersburg Express*.

If a body want a body his store to patronize, should a body pay a body for to advertise?—*Lynchburg Express*.

If a body sees a body appropriate his hat, should a body kick a body just for doing that?—*Frank Star*.

If a body catch a body in his nation patch, should a body make a body suddenly to scratch?—*Kendall Co. Courier*.

If a body catch a body stealing all his chickens, should a body lick a body like the very dickens?—*Centre Democrat*.

If a body catch a body stealing all his corn, should a body make a body wish he wasn't born?—*Southport (N.C.) Gazette*.

If a body ask a body to take the country news, should a body tell a body, I beg you me a rouse?—*Home Journal*.

If a body catch a body looking his hen's eggs, should a body make a body take up his legs?—*Pine Journal*.

If a body hear a body say, "I pay my printing bill," should a body stare at a body for such an expression of will?—*Maryland Sentinel*.

If a body meet a body who never reads the Times, should a body ask a body to shell out the dimes?—*Times*.

If a body catch a body taking his umbrella, should a body kick a body till a body bellow?—*Florida Pensacola*.

If a body see a body kiss his little wife, should a body thrash a body within an inch of his life?—*Charlotte Ledger*.

If an editor see an editor steal his editorial crop, should a body tell the editor give the editor an editorial pop?—*Kaukahee Democrat*.

If a body see a body such stuff as this indico, should a body think a body's wife had taken flight?—*Cynic Monthly Gazette*.

How ye get CHEESE TO MARKET.—An Eastern man writes us that a stage-driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story as they passed a wretched looking farm-house, and the old farmer lounging about the door. The driver said:

"A Boston trader called at that house some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded not to take it, it was so full of slugs. As he was going off, the farmer said to him: 'Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?'"

"The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied: 'Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it down!'"

SEVEN OBSTACLES TO MATRIMONY.

Embarking girl: thy form so fair.

In playful dreams around me dance;

Thy smile so bright, so free from care;

Thy dimple cheek, thy jet black hair,

My heart contrain, oh!

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,

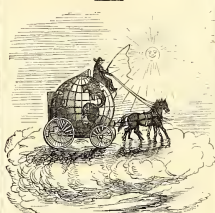
With joy and innocence still gleaming;

The winged light across their flow;

Thus do the glances from those eyes,

With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bawling;
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—a wife I've got
And six small children.



All the World's Stage.

APPLYING THE SERMON, WITH A QUALIFICATION.—An imbecile, belonging to Feebles, had been sitting at church for some time, listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt and falsehood in Christian characters. He was elevated to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if winning under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out—"Indeed, minister, there's nary leech in Feebles than me."

A PAIR OF KNOW NOTHING.—Old Lord Ephinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very adde-headed preacher, was holding forth. As length the parson stopped and cried

"Waukin, my Lord Aphinstone."

A grant, and then—

"I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what ye said last."

"I said, waukin, my Lord Aphinstone."

"Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"I wager ye dinna ken yersel."

NOT THE PLACE.—The following occurred in a country druggist's shop, where cigars and other nauseous substances are sold. A prison having purchased some Havanas, commenced smoking one of them, when his

eye caught a notice, "No smoking allowed in this store." "Well!" he exclaimed, "that is a pretty joke; you sell a chap cigars, and then won't let him smoke them!" "Yes," replied the druggist, "and sell emetics," too, but I don't intend to have them taken here."

VIRTUE VS. POLITICS.—Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

GENIUS.—Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mould; and if this be so, that stupid Englishman might not have been so very far wrong after all, who, on the sculptor Canova's death, inquired of his brother whether it was "his intention to carry on the business?"

TEN CORWIN'S WIT.—While this joker was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, he brought in a bill for the abolition of public punishment at the whipping post. He made a speech thereon, to which an elderly member replied as follows:

"The gentleman is not so old as I am, and has not seen so much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or put up any other rascal, we used to tie him right up, and give him a real good thrashing; and he always cleared right out, and we never saw him my more. It's the best way of getting rid of rogues that ever was tried, and without any expense to the State." Corwin rose and replied: "Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the vast emigration from Connecticut to the West; but the gentleman has at last explained it to my entire satisfaction." The bill was passed without further discussion.

There were several members of a family whose assignment it was necessary to get to a land warrant. One of the sisters resided in the Hoosier State, and upon writing to her for her signature, the following answer was received.

Ms. C.—L.—Ms. Co.
14 May 25, 1860.

"Ms. C.—L.—I will answer You in a few words as to what you ask me to do, viz. you to explain it to me and if it is What I think it is I never will give my assignment until you pay me my share for them has acted the yellow dog as long as he will with me for I now am able for him and now will let him know the difference between a Bumble bee and a hornet and I never will give my name until him, and Sarah and Robert sends me a letter and tells me what they think about it and they must put a look before in it so that I will know that it is theirs and then if you will send me \$5 dollars with the land warrant and then I will sign it but not without it and if he will do that you can send it to John Gruber attorney of M—N—County, Ind.
"Please to write a little plainer the next time."



A Great accession of Fortune.

LITTLE GIBB, (Greatly excited) "O! O! Look a here Edgy! That there money has been added to the other money and now it's a hundred and fifty pounds!"

The Bar of Soap:

BY THE FRATERNAL WASHBROOMMAN.

OF WAFFERNOUS, M. D., ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

"Twas a beautiful day in the month of September, when the solitary horseman, and he was riding in that direction, could have seen in a deep valley in the territory of the terrible and formidable Dr. gets an extensive entertainment of a military company, in the service of Uncle Sam. The aforesaid magnificent display consisted of half-a-dozen well-smoked toads, four camp-kettles, and an iron pot, commanded by one whole officer, fifty men and our heroine, the washbroomman.

'Twas a beautiful day, but evidently its beauty was not at all appreciated; for the captain was growling over his blue-moss pudding, and did not seem any happier even when quaffing his quinine punch. He shook his Dutch cook-shook, the men all shook; all nature in this vicinity shook; there was a general shaking, not of ban's, nor of fear; they all shook from a very natural consequence, "they couldn't help it" for the indignities "ague" had quietly taken possession of camp, and grasped the vitals of every being. Yes, all except the vitals of our heroine the washbroomman, for she, being fortunately possessed of more than ordinary durable or impenetrable vials, it would have required the concentrated strength of an Illinois and Michigan army of a hundred horse power to have affected, in the least, our heroine, the washbroomman. The author will now rest and take some refreshment, and defer the labor of describing our heroine, the washbroomman, to—

CHAPTER II.

As it is customary to describe the personal appearance of the hero or heroine of a romance, I bow to the custom, (being in the grocery line) and shall touch up herewith "our heroine, the washbroomman." But before I proceed further, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to illustrate my present position, and necessary requirements by an anecdote. In my native village lived a man notorious for his profanity. "He could invent oaths as fast as a Yankee could notions, and whenever he took a regular cut-and-out swearing fit, he was sure to draw a crowd, who listened in amazement to his extraordinary facility. One occasion, in cutting a load of sand to the village, the tail-board of his cart had fallen out and he did not discover it until he arrived at his destination, by which time, the greater portion of his load was lost. A crowd fell upon him, anxious to hear what new style of swearing he would adopt. He begged for a moment on the long trail of sand behind him, wiped his brow, looked at the crowd, and exclaimed:—"Gentlemen, I can't find words suitable for the occasion." Now that is the fix of your unfortunate author and our heroine, the washbroomman, but a peculiar style of beauty, such as it is. Her head is as round as a hard as a cannon-ball, which is certainly indicative of strength; her hair leaves a crimson tinge, suggesting a fiery disposition; her nose is exceedingly small and pinched, and a fine running cleft side of the base of said nose to the corners of her mouth, leaves an immense grin, where the moustache of the other sex usually grows. Her teeth are two sets of gravenstones, and her chin cuts a precipitate retreat under her throat. She has arms that would set me up as a first-class pugilist; her shoulders—ladies are in the middle of her back; she stands solidly on

the ground, and her form is the beau ideal of "a lag of mind," string tied round the saddle! Such are the principal features of our heroine, the washbroomman. As the author has an engagement with one of the "Bourbons," you will excuse him for resting a bit, until he fortifies himself for a description of the Bar of Soap, to be found in—

CHAPTER III.

Family soap, No. 1, Wood's make, two and a half pounds to the bar. Don't bother me but call at the first grocery round the corner, and examine for yourself. As it is essential to this history, you should know the quality only, and not expect the author to use more space than is necessary to state to—

CHAPTER IV.

We will return to camp. By this time our heroine was performing on an Irish pig-pen, and the Soixante-Sept. She had just proceeded to hang one of the sheets of music on a line, when, horses' feet, what did she behold? A whirligig? Why do you wonder, how did she grow alarmed? Does she see danger? Yes, danger! danger to her virtue! She seized a bar of soap and a fry-pan, and rushed to extinguish the "smothering villain." For further account of the villain aforesaid, see—

CHAPTER V.

The "murdering villain" was one of the "military" who had just taken a dose of quinine to exercise the muscle of his face. He was in the act of grunting and chubbing a woodcock of a limb opposite our heroine's tent. * * * (The rest is too horrible, and more than long.)

CHAPTER VI.

He fled; she pursued; he reached the top of a mountain; she was there also; with one heavy dash she broke—the bands of her best fry-pan on the nose of the villain, and was proceeding to cut his throat with the bar of soap, when by the continued efforts of the rope and himself, he shook the balance of himself off, and leaped to the valley below. The bar of soap followed him, shot by the experienced hand of our heroine, and broke his neck back of the villain's ears, besides removing a large lot of rest estate from the same locality, that had accumulated for years. Our heroine returned to camp in safety. Ten percussion caps were fired in her honor, besides receiving a large order for leather-winged bats, otherwise called dogmights.

LUXURY.—Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

NO MATCH.—A lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone!" To which she replied—"No, not the brimstone—only the spark!"

HINT TO TRAVELERS.—"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith. "This stick has been all round the world, Sir."

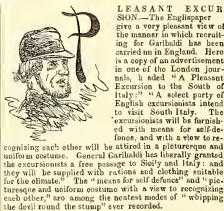
"Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney; "and yet it is only a stick!" The story is venerable but pertinent.

A TRAP.

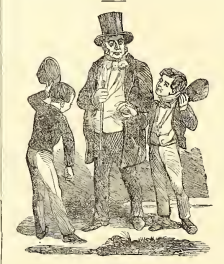
The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes no least expected. The residents at Court are not exempt from this danger, and it was most numerously exemplified at B.—Palmer only a little while since. A most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employs herself by making verses to amuse the royal children. The amiable lady in question had just completed a couplet, of which she herself had but an indifferent opinion, when Colonel P.—said "See, Colonel," said the amiable mother, "what trash they send me to read!" The Hon. Colonel, having read it, said, "Your M—y is perfectly in the right; it is so." "Did you ever write anything so vile?" "Never, upon my word." "I saw," said the lady, "I saw you write it myself." "Your M—y!" said the Colonel, in confusion, "I read it very lastly." "No, no, Colonel, first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall therefore commit the poem to the flames."

HOOR VS. STOCKING.—A country girl recently asked a town acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokeswoman. They entered a shop and the girl asked, "Have you any hosiery?" "I don't want hosiery," said the country maiden, "I want stockings."

A PITCHER BATTLE.—A couple of sailors were recently arrested for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.



HOW TO KEEP HIM.—A toper, being on a visit to a neighboring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, pulled the servant by the skirts and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?"



COOL.

"Alphonse, allow me to introduce to you my new friend, the



Pity the Poor Office Seeker

On the Stump.

Pat T— and Jan D— were both distinguished lawyers and favorite orators of the Court State. Also they are both now distinguished— having been taken off by death, and the other by a dispensation of the General Government, making him Chief Justice of New Mexico. But at the time of which I write, they were both alive and opposing candidates for a great judgeship. This was before me had learned to bring politics into a canvass for a judicial office, and our candidates were forced to resort to wit, repartee, anecdote, and pun, in order to show themselves off from the sororists. But they were both wits.

It so happened that a great mass-meeting was held in one of the river counties of their district, at which both our candidates were present and addressed the people. But before the hour of speaking arrived, T—, who was one of the most looking men of the State, moving among the masses, met a jolly, independent voter, named Miller, who seized his hand and exclaimed him thus:

"And this is Pat T—? Well, Pat, I am glad to see you, and I intend to vote for you."

T— replied: "I am happy to hear you say so, Mr. Miller. Being a candidate, of course, I desire to be elected, and I shall need the vote of every friend I have."

"Well, Pat," said Miller, "you may depend on my vote. You are a large, portly, good-looking man, like myself, and I like to see such men—especially on the bench."

"Oh?" said T—, "if that is your only reason, perhaps you had better not make up your mind till you see me,"— and here he spoke, for you may regret it.

Miller answered:—"No, I won't regret it. I am told T— is a little, shriveled up, wasen-faced fellow, not strong enough to carry a pumpkin on his shoulders, and I'll never vote for such a man. I'm determined to vote for you."

T— replied:—"It is true Mr. D— is not very large, nor very good-looking; but he is an able lawyer and an estimable gentleman; and I shall deem it an honor to wield his arm, and a victory worth boasting of to best him. But I will not delectooner for him. I shall need your vote, and will thank you for it, whatever may be the strength of your support. But Mr. D— is speaking; let us hear him."

D— occupied his hour in his usual folioious manner, elevating the crowd with his eloquence, and concluding it with his wit. T—'s reply was equally brave, and closed with a spirited report of his conversation with Miller, which brought down the crowd in thunders of applause. As soon as the uproar ceased, D— sprang to his feet, and asked T— for an introduction to his friend Miller. The latter being on the stand, came to receive the introduction, when D— took his hand, and in his blandest and gravest tones addressed him thus:

"Mr. Miller, I owe you ten thousand thanks. You have relieved my mind of a weight that has been oppressing me all my life. When I was a school-boy, the teacher told me I had a pumpkin head, and I have been laboring under

"UNCLE MILLER'S THOUGHTS OF THE OLD WORLD.—
"Um! It bubble's right up out o' groun', don't it? or they dig down just so far, an' they come ter it, don't they? That's nat'ral; every one o' them's a nodder's stream. That boun'stany country's got a queer lay o' the land all over it. I've been there. Mountains all round, an' kind o' valleys like between 'em. Jes such a place 's should look like! In—
"And Uncle Miller fortified himself with an immense pile o' Cavendish. Ye see when the deluge come, all the fishes an' all the bees, an' all the hosen, an' all the folks 't lived in 'em, was all moved up together, an' then I w'd 'drownded was swimmin' round promiscuously. Then, ye know, arter so many days the water went away, 'ghe, Nov, up in them Alleghany districts was a schule o' whales. They swum up in deep water; an' when all to once it went away, they couldn't follow it. So they had there in them valleys, an' died, an' melted away, an' all the 'es naturally soaked into the groun'; an' bein' as how nobody lived in them parts for thousan's o' years, ye know, nobody never thought o' them! About it. Now, when folks in that region come to dig others an' wells, an' find 'em, all the fools are getting up a talk, an' makin' a great fuss about it. 'Tis easy 'nough count, an' for it when ye think o' that awful deluge!"

How to Cook a Husband.—Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking, some women go out it as if they were afraid to leave them, and then, when they are alone, they keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coolness; some smother them in bathosy love, and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up in tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if managed in this way; but on the contrary, very decisions when managed as follows. Get a large jar: called the jar of faithfulness, (which all good wives keep on hand), pile a good husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love, let it be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear, and above all let it be constant. Cover him

with affection, kindness, and subjection, garnished with modest, becoming familiarity, and spiced with pleasantness, and if you add kindness and other condiments, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence, and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and you will find an admirable dish a husband is when properly cooked.



FOND OF SMOKING.

PHYSICIANS' FEES IN BURMAH.—In Burmah when a young woman is taken ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicine, he is to pay them her full value. It is stated that successful physicians have large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

that impression from that day to this. You are the first man to lift it from my seat, and I must sincerely thank you. But now, sir, let me ask you—as a man, as a citizen of this great State, as a sovereign of this glorious republic, which would you rather vote for, a little, shriveled up, wasen-faced fellow like me, who is not able to carry a pumpkin on his shoulders, or a great big, bulky like my friend Pat, there, who can never carry anything.

The effect may be imagined, it cannot be described; and I will only add, that if the story told raised a thunder-storm, the retort created a perfect earthquake.

FREE COUNTRY.—In 1856, while the Illinois Central Railroad was being built through the country of Illinois, some curiosity was excited among the people, and some strange stories told about the habits of the free country that was being coming nearer as the new track was put down.

One day Mrs. Beale had been to the village to see the new engine pass on the track that had been completed as far as that place a few days before. On her return home, she took her way along the track, though not the nearest way home—leaving her two children by the hand. She had not proceeded far, when her meditations were disturbed by the horrid shriek of the whistle. But she had seen the engine, and was not to be frightened into leaving the track by any noise it could make. Again that unearthly yell, close behind her, startled her nerves. Still she was firm. The engine stopped, and the engineer called to her to get off the track. But she only turned her head to say, "Toot away, if you want to; you'll not scare me with your horn—toot—toting!" This is a free country. I've heard how you go along driving people out of the road, but you'll not scare me with your toot—toting—toting!" The engineer was obliged to go ahead and remove her by force.

SNOWBOW. Yarn So Fern—Cousin John is a clerk in a hardware store; sits down, and comes up every Sunday evening to take tea with us. He came up a few weeks ago, and taking Mamma, as usual, on his knee, began to talk to her. After he had chattered his stock of stories,

the following dialogue took place:

"Mamma, don't you want to go down to the store with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"No, I've not V."

"Because."

"Because what?"

"I've been down a dozen times, and have seen every thing there is there."

"Mamma, don't go with me. I'll show you all the axes, and saws, and hammers, and nails, and planes, and chisels, and hoes, and shovels, and guns, and pistols, and a great big brass cannon, so big that it takes a horse to draw it, and great big cannon-balls, so big that Johnny (his seven-year-old brother) couldn't lift one of them, and as for—"

"Well (hesitatingly, and with a look that surprised John and myself), 'I'll go, John.'"

"She didn't say another word except 'yes' and 'no' and her prayers during the evening, and all the next forenoon preserved a gravity which astonished and alarmed her mother, who was wholly unable to discover the cause, and naturally surmised her to be ill; forgot to feed her kitten, and didn't ask for her doll, which had been put away Saturday evening on the high shelf in the closet, at all during the day. In due time John came for her, and on their arrival at the store, true to his promise, he commenced to show her all the wonders. Mamma didn't make any remarks, or ask a single question, because John was not a little amazed, it was so different from the little chatter-box to whom he had exhibited the same articles a week or two before. Mamma grew impatient and fidgety, and at last broke out, "Oh dear, John! I've seen all these things before and know all about them; but where's your 'no forth', John? Show me your 'no forth'! I want to see your 'no forth'!"

"He had promised to show her the pistols and guns, and as forth—a new article, certainly!"

Harrowing Romance.

The latest sensation story of fiction is aptly illustrated in this extract from a chapter in the new and forthcoming novel of "The Bloody Bayou Butler; or the Autocrat's Doom."

The proud autocrat turned on his heel and wept his wept.

"Dry up," hissed the wretched Eraser.

And he dried up.

"Swab," added the vindictive villain.

He swabbed out his eyes.

"Pat it up," roared the triumphant monarch.

The crustal autocrat put his imperious command in his hat.

"Pat it up," merrily repeated the exultant autocrat.

He had scarcely uttered the imperious command when he felt the full of his hat smashed over his proud eyes.

The remainder of the harrowing story may be found in the future numbers of the "Murderer."



A Domestic Scene.

FANNY.—"Now what do you want?"
 NELLY.—"I've brought up the tea, ma'am."
 FANNY.—"Oh! no, you mustn't bring up the tea; you're a soap fat man."
 NELLY.—"No, I ain't; I'm Bridget."
 FANNY.—"No you ain't."
 NELLY.—"Yes I am."
 FANNY.—"Oh! don't be a Bridget. Be a soap fat man, it's much nicer; to be a soap fat man."



Another of the Pleasures of Living in the Suburbs.

To get yourself up regardless of expense with a view to attract the attention of your pretty neighbor opposite by walking gracefully by her window, and then to be attacked by a vicious Billy Goat in the most ferocious manner.

Elephant's Eggs.

At the last fair at Tarascon, France, there were of course assembled a troupe of gymnasts, jugglers, acrobats, and a multitude of menageries, in one of which was an Asiatic elephant remarkable for the largeness of his ears. His owner called him Kiouki II.

Among the acrobatic troupe was a maker of red balloons, recently so popular in England and America. He traveled with the show, and reduced a couple of cous from the pockets of many a patron of it by selling him a balloon.

A countryman stopped one day before the menagerie tent, and enticed by a painted representation of the elephant, paid his money to see him. Astonished at his size, he asked the balloon man as he went out:

"Does that beast bring forth young, or lay eggs?"
 Without a moment's hesitation, the mountebank replied:

"He lays eggs."

"I thought so."

"And if you wish one, to afford you the happiness of possessing under your own roof an individual of his species, for a franc I will guarantee that you shall carry home what no one else in the country possesses."

The greenhorn did not hesitate to offer his money, and the acrobat presented a red balloon.

"Behold the egg I had the honor to promise you. It is one franc only—and 'only for you, because the Jardin des Plantes at Paris buys all my elephant's eggs at six francs apiece, for the Algerine expeditions, where they use all the elephants they can find for the war against India. I chose the lightest egg I could find for you, that you might not wait too long for it to hatch. Its mother having already set upon it many days, it will suffice you to wrap it up in wool and lay it in a dry place, to obtain, without expense and without effort, the magnificent Asiatic product which it contains!"

tains!"

"Astonishing! but how in regard to suckling him?"
 "Easy enough. No consequence what quadruped nourishes him. Lacking a cow, a sow, or even a goat, you can bring him up yourself on turtle soup."

The countryman departed, charmed with his prize, and to keep it as safely as possible, wrapped it in a blue cotton handkerchief which he had bought at the fair for his wife. But in spite of all the care of which the egg that bore Kiouki II. was the object, it was written in the Book of Destiny that its proprietor should not see it hatched under his roof.

Some little distance from the village where our countryman resided runs a stream. He approached it for the purpose of imbibing the clear water. For the purpose of making a cup with his hands, he deposited his precious burden on the ground. He drank freely of the water, then rising, turned to his elephant's egg. He looked above him, sees the egg rising higher—

higher—and carrying with it his wife's handkerchief.

He believed that the elephant was about to be hatched, and it was not long after the egg was out of sight that he returned home crestfallen. His wife asked him where the handkerchief was he had promised to bring her. Then he narrated the entire adventure. The good woman opened her eyes and ears, and seeing her husband's grief not only at the loss of the elephant, but of the handkerchief exclaimed:

"Content yourself, husband; I'll be content with my black handkerchief, and I'm glad to know that the poor baby hasn't gone off without swaddling clothes!"

"What did you say was the principle of the Telescope?" "Why, it makes two people into one." "What a delightful invention."

"So, there's another corruption of Mount Vesuvius!" said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her spec—
 "The paper tells about burning labor running down the mountains, but it doesn't tell how it got a-fire."

PLAYS!

PLAYS!

PLAYS!

Members of the Theatrical Profession, Amateurs, and others, can be supplied (postage free) with any plays published in America, by enclosing the advertised price to

J. C. HANBY,

Editor Comic Monthly.

STEAM JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

MERCHANTS coming to New York to make their purchases, will find it to their advantage to have their

FANCY SHOW BILLS,

CARDS, CIRCULARS,

AND OTHER PRINTING,

done at the
 COMIC MONTHLY PRINTING OFFICE,
 109 NASSAU STREET.

A large supply of Comic cuts, with which

to render posters attractive, are constantly on hand to select from.

CHRISTOPHER, MORSE & SKIPPON,
 109 Nassau street.

"Time Sared is money Gained."
 BOOKSELLERS & NEWS-VEDEBS

Agency.

We would respectfully invite the attention of BOOKSELLERS, Dealers in cheap publications, PERIODICALS, and Newspaper vendors, to our unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding every thing in our line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. All goods packed with the utmost care, and forwarded in all instances, by the very earliest conveyance following the receipt of the orders, never waiting for express, but sending by special arrangement with Passenger trains. Dealers will find it convenient to have all their orders packed at our establishment, particularly with regard to Newspapers and Periodicals. Small parcels from the trade, back numbers of serials and single numbers of books, etc., also procured promptly packed and forwarded, with Papers and Magazines, thus saving time and extra expense—A great convenience to dealers.

SEB. ORDERS SOLICITED. TRADE LISTS SENT, POST FREE.

ROSS & TOSNEY,

121 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Comic Monthly

is the most brilliant, most costly, and most successful

FUNNY PAPER

now published in the world,

It goes everywhere.

It is read by everybody.

It is always up to the times in its illustrations.

It numbers among its contributors and artists, the best of our

FUNNY MEN,

and no pains or expense is spared by the publisher always to get and secure the best talent for it.

Its illustrations alone cost from

Six to Eight Hundred Dollars,

PER NUMBER,

and yet it is furnished to subscribers at the following extraordinarily low prices:

LOOK AT THEM!

Single subscribers - 75 cts. per year
 Ten copies - \$3 00

and one copy to sender of the club gratis.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
 No. 109 Nassau street,
 New York.

Country Dealers who want Show Bills will please write to us for them.